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A Midnight Trespasser



SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

No. 598

ART WORKERS LEAGUE

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A MIDNIGHT TRESPASSER

A DUOLOGUE
IN ONE ACT

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PS 635
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MISS DOLLY DAVIS—A society belle.

MR. FELIX FETHERLY—A rich man about town.

Time, evening.

Scene, a handsome room.

Costumes, modern.

Plays twenty minutes.

~~THE 98 661551~~

A MIDNIGHT TRESPASSER.

Scene: [*Enter FELIX from over balcony center. Music until he speaks. FELIX goes to door left, and listens, then to door right, listens. Then goes to balcony and looks over, comes down center. Speaks. Music stops.*]

FELIX. Well, here I am, but I must confess I'm a peach and by the way I have a little one, too. [*Laughs.*] Made a damn foolish bet at the club to-night with that lobster, Tom Burke, that I could impersonate successfully a midnight trespasser that the papers are talking so much about of late. Well, there's five hundred in it if I win. [*Laughs.*] I owe my nerve to good Old Mum's Extra Dry, and my success to the Devil. [*Whistles.*] Gee! What a laugh the boys will have on me, if I am pinched and land in jail. Oh, Felix, don't be a fool, come home. [*Starts to go, then turns.*] Never. I will see this thing through or die. [*Bell rings.*] Ah, 'tis her royal highness, the proud and haughty Miss Dolly Davis, returned from the ball. [*Agitated.*] Felix, my boy, brace up, and be a man. Win the five hundred, you need the money. [*Runs up and hides on balcony. Soft waltz music for DOLLY's entrance, continues during her speech. Stops when FELIX speaks.*]

DOLLY. [*Speaking off stage.*] Good night, Nanette, call me early in the morning. [*Enters, touches electric button. Full lights up.*] Oh, how delicious it is to be home again; after all it was a stupid affair. [*Sighs.*] And just because Felix was not there. I wonder where he is to-night? [*Jealously.*] Oh, [*Stamps foot.*] I sup-

pose with that horrid flirt, Mrs. Anstrutter. [*Laughs.*] Oh, how absurd for me to quarrel with Felix, on her account. [*Sits on lounge.*] Well, I was certainly amused at what I heard tonight. Mrs. Rookseller claims she was nearly frightened out of her seven senses Saturday night by the appearance in her sitting room of a man whom the newspapers term a midnight trespasser. [*Laughs.*] Oh, how absurd! She says he commanded her to dance with him. [*Rises and goes right.*]

FELIX. [*Appears from balcony, wearing mask, slouch hat, long coat buttoned up, comes down center, assumes rough voice and manner. Coughs.*] How do you do, madam?

DOLLY. [*Screams.*] Oh, who are you? And what do you want?

FELIX. [*Very rough and quick.*] Your money, or your life.

DOLLY. [*Screams.*] Oh! Please don't shoot. Here, take all my jewels. If these are not enough come back tomorrow and I will give you some more. [*This must be spoken very faintly, catch in voice.*]

FELIX. Fair lady, I come not to rob you, but to dance with you.

DOLLY. [*Regaining courage.*] What dance with you, a common midnight trespasser. Never! [*Proudly stamps foot.*]

FELIX. Oh, yes, you will.

DOLLY. [*Same tone.*] Oh, no, I won't.

FELIX. But I say you will. [*Points pistol at her.*]

DOLLY. [*Indignant.*] But, I say, I—[*Turns and sees pistol, trembling.*] Ye—es, I will dance.

FELIX. [*Still pointing pistol at DOLLY.*] Thanks, fair madam.

DOLLY. Oh, please don't point that horrid thing at me. Is it, is it—lo—lo—ded?

FELIX. Loaded it myself, mam. [*Gruffly.*] The point right now is, will you dance or die?

DOLLY. [*Half crying.*] Yes, I am too young to die. So I think I'll dance.

FELIX. [*Puts pistol back in pocket.*]

DOLLY. I prefer a waltz, don't you?

FELIX. You bet.

[*Music.* FELIX tries to get his arm around her waist, she pushes him away, and says, "Don't. How dare you?" Comedy business, FELIX indicates taking pistol out of pocket.]

DOLLY. You win, I dance the waltz. [*They waltz.*]

DOLLY. [*Proudly.*] Now, sir, you are satisfied. Go.

FELIX. Not much! Not until I get a written testimonial from you saying you have danced with me.

DOLLY. [*Gasps.*] What! Say I have danced with you? Never!

FELIX. Oh, yes, you will. [*Points pistol and indicates writing desk.*] Sit down. [*DOLLY refuses.*] Sit down! [*Very sternly.*] Sit down! [*DOLLY sits.*]

FELIX. Take the pen and write as I command. [*DOLLY frowns at him.*] I, Dolly Davis, hereby state that I have danced with the midnight trespasser of my own free will.

DOLLY. [*Has been writing; jumps up.*] Never! You compelled me.

FELIX. [*Pointing pistol.*] I say, write.

DOLLY. Horrid thing! I would like to slap him.

FELIX. [*Most politely.*] Sign it, please.

DOLLY. Never. [*Throws pen on floor.*]

FELIX. [*Picks up pen, hands it to her with pistol.*]
If you please.

DOLLY. [*Aside.*] Well, that man has nerve enough to

be Felix Fetherly. [*She signs paper, and very angrily rises, and goes up stage to balcony.*]

FELIX. [*Tearing off mask.*] I will sign it Felix Fetherly. [*Sits at desk, placing pistol on desk.*]

DOLLY. [*Standing up stage, surprised and indignant. Aside.*] You are Felix Fetherly. Oh! How dare you?

FELIX. [*Rises, with paper in hand.*] Ha, Ha, she's danced with me. I have the proof. I have won five hundred dollars from Tom Burke. What fools these women are. [*Laughing.*]

DOLLY. Comes slowly to desk, quickly grabs pistol. [*Points it at FELIX.*] Not such fools as you men take us for.

FELIX. [*Alarmed.*] Here, here, don't point that, it's loaded.

DOLLY. I know it. Mr. Fetherly, you have had your fun, now I'll have mine. Give me that paper.

FELIX. What, give you this? Well, I guess not. It is worth five hundred cold plunks. [*Kissing it.*]

DOLLY. You will. Give it to me. [*Pointing pistol. He turns and goes up stage; she follows him, and indicates desk.*] Sit down.

FELIX. Curse my luck. To be beaten by a woman, who jilted me a week ago.

DOLLY. Take the pen and write on that paper. I, Felix Fetherly, confess that I have made a contemptible ass of myself, in the presence of the highly respected Miss Dolly Davis. [*FELIX starts to go.*]

DOLLY. Oh! Sign it. [*Bus. FELIX does.*]

FELIX. Now I'll go. [*He starts to go.*]

[*DOLLY takes paper and goes dejectedly to lounge and sits.*]

FELIX. Dolly, I'm sorry, but you shall never see me again. [*Very tragic.*]

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DOLLY. Oh, if he stays much longer, I'll repent.

FELIX. I'll kill myself. Good-bye, Dolly, good-bye.

DOLLY. [*Screams.*] Felix, Felix, come back, come back. [*Turns and sees him standing there, and laughing at her.*]

DOLLY. Oh! How dare you? Why didn't you go and kill yourself?

FELIX. Because, Dolly, you need me. You don't want any more trespassers. Do you, dear? Let me be your protector in the future, for, Dolly, I love you, and want you to take back the ring again. Will you, Dolly?

DOLLY. [*Shyly.*] Yes, Felix. [*Offering her hand.*] There is my hand. Not for a waltz, but in a dance for life.

Waltz music. They dance until curtain descends.

CURTAIN.

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